

## The Critic

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## William Cullen Bryant.

THE life of William Cullen Bryant was a long one, but it was not of a kind that demands a long biography. What personal interest it possesses attaches to his early years. A remarkable boy, and a still more remarkable youth, his manhood and age afforded but scanty material for the biographer. His half-century of editorial work was conscientious and remunerative, but the story of it becomes wearisome in the telling. Not that it is not well told, but that our sympathy with the subject of it is attenuated to the last degree. It is not as a journalist that we care for Mr. Bryant, but as a poet—the first American poet of whom his countrymen had a right to be proud. The history of American poetry began with 'Thanatopsis.' If any one doubts this fact he has but to read—or try to read—our Colonial and Revolutionary versifiers, our Trumbulls and Dwights and Barlows and Freneaus, who wrote with as much ease as the mob of gentlemen in Pope's time. If our grandfathers and great-grand-fathers had a taste for poetry, they read Cowper and Goldsmith, and Gray and Thomson, and Pope and Dryden. These poets, and a few other of the British classics, as they were called then, were the early reading of Master William Cullen Bryant, who was encouraged by his father to write verse. If he had not told us of his childish admiration for Pope, in whose Homer he delighted, we should have discovered it in his first printed volume, 'The Embargo,' a political satire against Jefferson in the pert sing-song heroics of the little Queen Anne's man. Contemporaneously with Pope and his successors, he read Blair's 'Grave,' and somewhat later the minor poems of Southey, and the 'Literary Remains' of Henry Kirke White, whose ode 'To a Rosemary' he learned by heart. Like the father of Pope, Master Bryant's father used to read his verses, and criticise them, and sometimes ridicule them; for he endeavored to teach him to write only when he had something to say.

We gather these facts from an autobiography which Mr. Bryant began in his eightieth year, but which unfortunately breaks off just when he was about to tell us under what influence, or influences, he wrote the poem with which, as we have said, American poetry began—'Thanatopsis.' Nothing in the poets that he is known to have read appears to have suggested the train of

thought which inspired 'Thanatopsis.' It is true that Blair had written 'The Grave,' which he admired, and that Gray had written an 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard,' which he also admired, but in neither was the idea of death grasped and handled as by this young American. It may seem a fanciful belief, in view of the apparent impossibilities which genius has overcome, nevertheless, it has always been my belief that no European could have written 'Thanatopsis.' The universality of death which is its theme was a conception which could only have come to an inhabitant of the New World, a world in which Life had gone down before Death, tribes succeeding tribes through unknown periods of time, in an antiquity which might be conjectured, but could not be measured. It demanded this 'dark backward and abysm' of a world from which races had passed away, and which had become a vast and solitary wilderness. Precisely when 'Thanatopsis' was composed, Mr. Godwin has not been able to determine; but it was probably in the sixteenth year of the poet's life.

Contrary to his custom, the youthful poet did not take this poem to his father for criticism, nor even read it to his brothers for their approval; but he carefully hid it away in a pigeon-hole of his father's desk, on which it had been written. Whether he considered it too incomplete to be shown, or was doubtful of the reception that might be vouchsafed the sentiment of it, which contemplated death, not as the penalty of one man's disobedience, but as a universal and even gracious fact in the economy of nature, is not known. The probability is that it was merely allowed to slumber until it could be amended.

Among the poetic qualities of 'Thanatopsis' there was one which distinguished it as strongly as the grave lesson of mortality which it enforced, and that was the writer's love of nature. That this was a genuine emotion and not a simulated impulse was evident in the fidelity and originality of its expression. It was not a hot-house growth in emulation of 'The Task' or 'The Seasons,' but the flower and fruit of Bryant's endless rambles along the fields and woods, the hills and valleys, by which he was surrounded at Cummington. If he was a born poet, he was a born naturalist as well. His observation was as faultless as his power of description, which no American poet has ever equalled, and no English poet has ever surpassed. What Wordsworth was at his best as the nature-painter of England, Mr. Bryant was at all times as the nature-painter of America. His landscapes are infinitely varied, and, whether we regard them *en masse* or in detail, they are simply perfect. The great characteristics of his poetry, in youth as well as in age, were its strong commonsense, its absolute sanity, and its inexhaustible imagination. Poetry with him was not a divine madness, but the deliberate exercise of his highest faculties. He was not whirled hither and thither by his whims, but was always calm and steadfast. He saw clearly, and he wrote clearly. There was no such inequality in his work as in the work of Scott, and Byron, and Shelley, and even Wordsworth; never ill-considered, never hasty, never negligent, it was the best that he could do. His range of subjects was not large, but within that range he was supreme. He sang of nothing that was alien to the nature of man: the feelings he expressed, the experiences he described, were common to the race. It was not difficult to follow him in the highest flights of his imagination and the profoundest meditations of his soul; for his language was that which is understood by plain, unlettered folk. One needs to be something of a scholar, however, to appreciate the exquisite grace, and purity, and precision of his diction; and one needs also to have a surer taste than is in vogue now to appreciate his

poems, my own opinion of which reminds me of what Izaak Walton wrote about the simple lyrics that he loved so much: 'They were old fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age.'

I have dwelt thus far upon the character of Mr. Bryant's work rather than upon Mr. Parke Godwin's biography, which Messrs. Appleton have just issued in two ample volumes, partly for the reason that the biography is too long to be summarized in the space that can be spared for it, but more for the reason that it is much less critical than I could have wished. I could not have analyzed Mr. Bryant, however, as I have tried to, but for Mr. Godwin, who has builded better than he knew in his careful and thoughtful sketch of the childhood and young manhood of this noble poet. I can recall no biographical writing of the time that is more interesting than the first twelve chapters of his first volume, in which he enables us to follow the personal and intellectual career of Mr. Bryant, from the nights when he lay upon the floor reading with his brothers by the light of the blazing fire, to the days when he came to New York to establish himself in letters—the laborious, struggling, halcyon days, before he was fettered to the miserable drudgery of daily journalism. If I have any fault to find with Mr. Godwin it is not a serious one, for I fully understand the difficulty of the task that he has performed so well—much better, indeed, than any one else could have done; but the merely trivial fault of occasionally omitting to state a few facts which would have shed more light than we have at present on the history of American poetry since the publication of 'Thanatopsis' in *The North American Review* in the autumn of 1817. I wish, for example, that he had made a study of the best-known volumes of verse published in this country during the next ten years, and traced the influence of Mr. Bryant upon his contemporaries, that we might know to what extent their inspiration was drawn from 'Thanatopsis,' 'To a Waterfowl,' the 'Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood,' 'Green River,' and other of his early poems. That the strongest inspiration of young Mr. Longfellow was drawn from this fountain will be recognized by the readers of the 'Voices of the Night,' particularly in such pieces as 'An April Day,' 'Autumn,' 'Woods in Winter,' and 'Sunrise on the Hills.'

R. H. STODDARD.

### Literature

#### Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Dust."\*

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S new novel deals with English life of sixty years ago, and, after the manner of Thackeray, attempts in some degree to do for the fine society of that day what the great novelist has done for a somewhat earlier time,—that is, to give to the story a spice of the literary gossip of the fashionable wits of the first quarter of the present century. If this attempt is not wholly successful, it is not from lack of acquaintance with the material which the private correspondence of that wild time furnishes in abundance. It is dangerous ground to tread, after Thackeray. Indeed, it is always dangerous for the novelist to venture upon ground already preëmpted by the biographer and historian. If the true atmosphere of the times is created, there is still left the almost impossible task of adjusting the historical personages to it; and when success in this is assured, there remains the no less difficult work of lifting the story above these incidental charac-

ters—of subordinating dukes and generals and fine wits to Betsey Ann and her homely loves and hates—of trimming away rubbish, or, it may be, beautiful but incongruous growth belonging to an earlier or later generation, and holding the reader's mind closely to the period of the story. Fielding, Thackeray, Scott, and Nathaniel Hawthorne are among the few names one dares to mention in connection with this power of rehabilitating a bygone society of wits and learned rakes. The author of 'Dust' has but *told* us of the coffee-house literati of George the Third's latter days. He has introduced their names, but has failed to make us realize anything from the introduction.

And this failure extends to the *dramatis personæ* of the whole story—a lack of imaginative fire hot enough to melt really substantial material. There is no lack of matter. Incident, plot, character in the raw,—deviltry grown cold in the handling, and lying round loose,—beauty and goodness, slightly tarnished by unnatural jealousies—all this material the author's invention furnishes, but the dramatic skill used in working it up is exceedingly uneven in application. Mr. Grant, or Charles Grantley, is excellent stuff, and his part in the story well-plotted; but when he disappears from the scene, his value to the story proves to be of little account. We grow impatient with ourselves for having vested any of our fund of interest in him. Marion, with her opening cleverness, her growing sweetness, and healthiness of mind, wins us at first; but when the author invests her with preternaturalness of vision and more than hints at an undercurrent of petty jealousy, we feel as if the sympathy we had bestowed on her had been wasted on a trance-medium. The warmth of her interest in Mr. Grant, and the startling coolness with which she assists in taking him home after the murder, seem to us inconsistencies in her character. The astuteness of Mr. Grant in eluding the tricks both of the baronet and the shrewd lawyer to draw him out, scarcely harmonizes with the guileless frankness with which he informs the same baronet—his enemy, and a known scoundrel—that he has about his person papers involving the character and life of the man. The simple, fatuous trust which he places in his enemy's directions and in his horses and servants is not explained. Again, it is extremely doubtful if the reader will sympathize with Mr. Lancaster's poetic aspirations, as they are introduced from time to time into the story, sufficiently to consent to the evident loss of the heroic qualities of the man's nature. This would be a pity, for the conception of the character of Yorke, which we suppose to be intended for Lancaster, in the beginning of Chapter X., is admirable, and shows a first-rate study at first hand. The lack of fusing power, and the deterioration of conceptions, make the very serious disappointment of Mr. Hawthorne's book. In other respects there is good work. Much of the observation is excellent; many of the studies for character show experience and insight; the situations are often strong. The inclusion of Tom Bendibow within the range of his father's passion is a fine stroke, and the 'damned taking-off' of Perdita by herself is a strong thing, though old enough in all essentials. The book as a whole shows decided improvement over most of the author's former work.

#### The Life of Dean Stanley.\*

IN November last, Dr. Bradley, the present Dean of Westminster, was invited to deliver three lectures before

\* *Dust*. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. (Our Continent Library, III.) New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

\* *Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*. By George Granville Bradley, D.D. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.



the Philosophical Institute of Edinburgh. Their theme was the life of his friend and predecessor, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. His qualifications for the task were considerable. He had known Stanley intimately and loved him well. Fate had strangely linked their lives, the younger constantly following in the traces of the elder. Dr. Bradley entered Rugby as Stanley was leaving it. He won his scholarship at University College when Stanley became one of its tutors. He was elected to the Deanery of Westminster when Stanley died. In the lectures which are here reprinted the reader may, therefore, find an authoritative statement of every noteworthy occurrence in Stanley's life, made with the reverence which a disciple would feel for his master,—which a Knight of the Round Table would feel for King Arthur.

Was this new King Arthur really peerless? Is Dr. Bradley's portraiture of a perfect man true to the life? Standing in the broad, white light of Stanley's personality, the beholder could see no speck or flaw; and now that he has gone, the critical microscope can detect no other faults than such as were born of academic habits, of the pride of position, and the adulation of his fellows. Combative by nature, stubborn in his purpose, he defended Dr. Colenso quite as much because the Bishop of Natal gave him a chance to attack the bigots of the clergy, as because the Bishop needed a champion. In his 'Life of Arnold' he threw down the gauntlet both to the High Church and the Low, though he was still rather young to have very definite theological opinions. The famous volume of 'Essays and Reviews' he privately condemned as 'shaking the red flag in the face of the bull;' but publicly he defended the writers and said that their cause 'was pleading for its very life.' At Westminster he defied the Convocation. He invited Dissenters to Communion in the Abbey. He assailed the Athanasian Creed amid a storm of protests, and in his latter days raised a whirlwind of disapprobation by consenting that a monument of the Prince Imperial should be placed in the sacred fane. He was pugnacious by disposition. He had inherited the most marked characteristics of the Stanleys of Alderley. It was the source of his greatest strength; but it marred the saint-like character with which his contemporaries loved to invest him.

Nor does Dr. Bradley's literary estimate seem to us very just. He thinks that Stanley was a poet and cared for nature when there lay behind it some human or historical interest. He considers that the work on 'Sinai and Palestine' throws 'wonderful light' on the Scriptures. He observes that 'for striking and soaring eloquence, Stanley had few rivals in any English-speaking community of Christians.' We venture to think that this will not be the judgment of most who have read his books or heard his sermons. He was a superficial writer, 'neither metaphysician nor moral philosopher,' as he himself said. He sought out that which was most pleasing, most popular. His style was pure sunshine. For the profundities, the hidden meanings, the 'human interest' which lay behind nature, he cared very little; and, as for his poetic gift, he found nothing better to say than this touching the two great sorrows of his life:

'O Day of Ashes, twice for me  
Thy mournful title thou hast earned;  
For twice my life of life by thee  
Has been to dust and ashes turned.'

Stanley's fame will live in his personality, not in his works. Few passed under his influence without feeling

broader in sympathy, purer in heart. More than any of our time he deserved the title of 'Friend of Man'; and when he travelled in the East, the Arabs called him 'Sheikh' and knelt at his feet.

"Early English Literature." \*

PROF. TEN BRINK does not write with the epigrammatic incisiveness and brilliancy which made Taine's History of English Literature in its way monumental. He does, to be sure, in his preface profess a regard for the general reader, and a desire to entice him into reading his history; but he is too conscientious a scholar to impair the accuracy of his work for the sake of making it entertaining. Pains-taking research is everywhere apparent, and the author's command of a wide field of collateral knowledge furnishes an agreeable variety of illustration and makes his cautious and well-considered opinions exceptionally reliable. What is particularly interesting to note, is the utter absence of a national bias, of which only a German scholar is capable, and which is in such glaring contrast to the supercilious Gallic self-consciousness which in Taine gives an air of condescension even to his most favorable judgments. In dealing with the period preceding the Norman Conquest, Prof. Ten Brink shows a sympathetic appreciation of every fragment of epic song, whether Christian or pagan, and analyses the slight but precious remnants of Anglo-Saxon literature with critical sagacity and poetic insight. Especially are these traits visible in his account of 'Beowulf' and 'Byrhtnoth's Death,' in which the spirit of the old Germanic hero-age has found a strong and characteristic expression. The translation of a fragment of the latter poem, included in the volume, is admirable, and its archaisms are well chosen and effective. Altogether the American translator deserves great credit for the taste and scholarship he has displayed, particularly in his poetic versions, which the slightest lack of judgment on his part would have been sure to spoil.

We hardly know whether it is fair to quarrel with the author because he is either unacquainted with or refuses to accept the latest results of sociological science. At all events, we cannot help thinking that he has missed a fine opportunity of demonstrating from the remnants of early English literature the manner and tendency of the growth of early English society. Again, in speaking of the ancient Teutonic deities, he says: 'But the chief change was one by which demigods became earthly heroes. It was the age of the migration of peoples, which, in the blending of myth and history, gave birth to the hero-saga.' We venture to assert that the author has here placed the cart before the horse. The normal development is from the natural to the supernatural, not vice-versâ; and if the Professor has read the introduction to the old Norse 'Hemiskringla,' in which Snorre Sturlason propounds the theory, more recently advanced by Herbert Spencer, that Odin, Thor and Frey were the deified chieftains who had led the Teutonic tribes from their ancient home in Asia, he will perhaps, at some future time, add to the value of his history by modifying his views regarding the origin of mythology. When Herbert Spencer and Snorre Sturlason arrive by widely different roads at the same results, their conclusion is entitled to considerable respect. Nevertheless, as many who have been captivated by the monotonous dawn fancies of Max Müller and his school would regard this as an open question, the pop-

\* Early English Literature (To Wicliff.) By Bernhard Ten Brink. Tr. from the German by Prof. M. Kennedy. Translation Revised by Author. New York: Holt,

ularity of Prof. Ten Brink's book will probably be in no wise affected by his mythological conservatism. At any rate, there is but a very small portion of the book which is concerned with this subject, and the rest is so uniformly excellent, that the public can scarcely fail to compliment itself by demonstrating its appreciation of the work as a whole.

#### Zola's New Novel.\*

M. ZOLA has produced another monstrosity. His new book, 'Au Bonheur des Dames,' fully sustains his reputation for pruriency. Less gross in language than 'Pot-Bouille,' it is quite as indecent in tone, quite as worthy of a place in the series of works which have done so much harm to contemporary French literature, and which are beginning to turn the stomach of this generation. For M. Zola himself there is room for compassion. He believes that the minds of all men and women are filled with foul thoughts, and that it is his special mission to bring these thoughts to light. He seems to be mentally smitten with an awful disease. Like his predecessor, the Marquis of Sade, he seems to be following the path which leads to madness. His sincerity, his force of character, his strength of will, are all rotting away. For the author we may have pity. For his readers, who in France still fight for his books, and in America, even when scoured and whitewashed, buy them in thousands, what else can be felt but disgust?

'Au Bonheur des Dames' follows in the steps of 'La Paysanne Pervetie,' floundering in the mud over which that delicate work so gracefully skims. Denise is a pretty girl from the country. She has two brothers to support, one a sickly child, the other a robust youth who spends his time and her earnings in debauchery. She obtains a position in the *Magazin de Nouveautés*, whose emblem gives a title to the book. Externally it resembles any of our big dry-goods stores. Internally it bears more likeness to a Turkish harem. Its employés are men and women, most of them young, all of them occupied with base imaginings. Mme. Desforges, a pretty Parisienne, enters and asks for gloves. Mignot, one of the salesmen, tries them on. 'Lying half over the counter, he held her hand, smoothed the glove on her finger with a lingering caress, and looked in her face to see if he could trace in it *la défaillance d'une joie voluptueuse*.' As a rule, says the author, the odor of kid-gloves affected Mme. Desforges in a very singular fashion, 'mais, devant ce comptoir banal, elle ne sentait pas les gants, ils ne mettaient aucune chaleur sensuelle entra elle et ce vendeur quelconque faisant ce métier.' And if little love-dramas like this were being enacted over the glove-counter, one can imagine the saturnalia of passion which might be witnessed in more secluded departments of the establishment.

Among these gallant salesmen Denise has a hard time. She finds that the girls have the loosest notions of morality. Her most intimate friend, seeing that she barely earns enough to live, gently murmurs: 'Moi, à votre place, je prendrais quelqu'un.' She is not at all surprised or shocked; she remarks that she will think about it; and while she is thinking, her affections are contested by the gentleman who sells gloves, a gentleman who sells under-clothing, and the detective who watches the establishment. All, however, she repels. M. Mouret, the owner of the store, the Grand Turk of the seraglio, has cast the eye of favor upon her, and the story turns on the doubt whether she will yield to his advances. She declines his invitations to dinner, which

have proved fatal to many of her predecessors. He puts her into a small managerial position, and still she resists. He places her in charge of the establishment, and she yields not a jot. So he is forced to marry her, and the moral is, that if any little shop-girl is pretty, and shrewd, and flirts with the proprietor, she, too, may be mistress of the 'Bonheur des Dames.'

Such are the crudities of this dull and ignoble book. To such depths, as M. Zola pretends, have fallen those charming creatures whom the world loved as *grisettes*—Musette, Bernerette, Mimi Pinson, and the rest. Is it not time for Paris to revolt against its latest school of fiction, when no stranger can enter its shops, can look at fair faces and be won by graceful manners, without an odious Satyr whispering at his ear that all are corrupt—that there is none who doeth good, no, not one?

#### "A Duet in Lyrics."

WE have received from Philadelphia a neat little pamphlet, bearing the title 'A Duet in Lyrics' and the names of Harrison S. Morris and John Arthur Henry, with that of their 'comrade,' Mr. William Henry Fox, to whom the volume is dedicated, on the ground that he and the authors

'were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill.'

And no doubt the compliment was well deserved; for the task of feeding the flock must have devolved largely upon Mr. Fox, while his brother-shepherds were preparing these lyrics for the press. It is not stated that the dedicatee 'knew to build the lofty rhyme,' and it is fair to suppose that he did not; for it would have been quite as easy to sing a trio in lyrics as a duet; and nothing but a total lack of vocal training could have justified Mr. Fox's failure to join his voice with his companions—unless, indeed, it may have been a fear lest some ungarded strain might betray his vulpine character to the sheep, and cause them to stampede. We hardly know what Dr. Johnson, who could see little or nothing to admire in 'Lycidas,' would say to this 'Duet,' which might never have been written, had not Edward King been drowned in the Irish Sea, and a volume of verses printed in his memory by his college friends, of whom Milton happened to be one. Certain it is that the pastoral properties which Messrs. Morris, Henry and Fox found least dispensable, when they turned shepherds on the banks of the Wissahickon, were Milton's Poems—'Lycidas,' and the 'Allegro,' at least,—Wordsworth's, Keats's, Swinburne's, and possibly Mr. Wilde's. Some veritable sheep-shearing may have been done by the one tuneless shepherd; but his lyrical associates handled no hide but that in which their favorite tomes were bound. We will not be so ungracious as to say that their time had been better spent in wielding a crook or a pair of scissors, than in composing this duet; but we cannot, on the other hand, dissent very strongly from the judgment passed on his own course of action in Mr. Morris's sonnet, 'Reconciliation':

'Too long, O Poesy of the hills and streams!  
Scented with hay, new-mown, and breezy cool,  
Have I, thy Shepherd, like a mooned fool,  
Danced through the gateless corridors of dreams.'

Nor can we read without partial approval the sentiment expressed in Mr. Henry's sonnet entitled 'Holiday':

'So, all this day I've rambled through the wood,  
For what has God then given me this day?  
To leap along the glens in childish play,

\* *Au Bonheur des Dames*. By Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.



Or drink the shadows of a lazier mood,  
Of melancholy's swarming solitude?  
"Lost," cries my mind, "Twelve hours thrown away."

We can find little in these lyrics beyond a somewhat feeble echo of the pastoral note which has been struck, now and again, in English poetry, by men whose best efforts have been made in other directions.

#### Minor Notices.

MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL is right in stating that the Problem of the Poor, which she discusses in a recently-issued volume under that title (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is largely the problem of crime. Her book is a valuable one; reminding us that even charity should be less proud of its benevolent institutions and the mistaken kindness which reduces pauperism to a profession and beggary to a science, than of putting a stop to the need of so much organized assistance for the poor and criminal. Her book is eminently sensible and suggestive; giving, not theories, but hints derived from the actual experience of the McAuley Mission at the Five Points. Her facts are presented, not in statistics, but in the stories told by the poor people themselves. She in no way disguises the difficulties of her 'problem.' She makes the valuable suggestion that the best chance for successful labor is to get hold of the children before they have learned what crime is, and to keep them from it. Crime, like other dissipation, has a fatal, resistless charm for those once entangled in it; and while it is quite true that many a fallen man and woman would never have fallen if they could have been saved from the want which leads to crime, it is also true that having once fallen, they are never again easily hedged in from wrongdoing even by comfort which should give no excuse for wandering. The experience of the reviewer in the North End Mission of Boston leads us to agree with Mrs. Campbell in all she says upon this subject; and we are especially glad that her suggestions concerning model tenement-houses are proved to be possible, practicable, and profitable by the wise and benevolent experiment made in Brooklyn by Mr. Alfred T. White and others.

MR. EDWARD WALFORD, the learned editor of *The Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer*, has compiled what he calls an *Auntie Annuelle*—*Ephemerides*, or the *Dayes of the Year 1883*, which is printed throughout in old-style type, with old-style spelling, and old-style borders, and with pert and odd quotations from many old-style writers. The result is a quaint-looking almanac, containing about the same information as other almanacs. The real interest of the publication lies in the 'many curious, profitable, and enterprising matters, together with certain Proverbs, Poemes, or Posies, Epigrams, Merry Sayings, Rhythmes and Epitaphes of the English Nation in former times, and some of the present age,' the most of which are well chosen and well worth reading. Two of the quotations are from American poets, Lowell and Bryant. The rest are British, and many of them are the work of the celebrated Anon., who has written almost as many books, apparently, as the great German, Unbekannt, has painted pictures. The epitaph on Mistress Margaret Gwyn—who could hardly have been a near relative of Eleanor Gwyn, commonly known as Nell—deserves quotation for its simplicity:

'Here lies the bones of Margaret Gwyn,  
'Who was so very pure within,  
She cracked her outer shell of sin,  
And hatched herself a seraphim.'

THE Collections of the Kansas Historical Society, which embrace its doings up to 1881, although late in going to press, are at hand. They form a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge of the Western States, and present in a very accessible shape the particulars of many scenes of the thirty years which Kansas has known. None of the newer states has had so eventful a history. The Society has begun the collection of a library, laying its foundations well by getting together as many volumes of newspapers and pamphlets as possible. They have been fortunate in obtaining files of journals from September 15th, 1854, which was the first introduction of the printing-press in the Territory, down through all the troubles of the two great parties, including the War—in all, 192 volumes. Many manuscript letters have also been given them, including those of Thaddeus Hyatt, and of Eli Thayer, the founder of the New England Colonization Society. Among the addresses incorporated in the book is that delivered by ex-Governor Charles Robinson, in retiring from the office of

President of the Historical Society, in 1881. It contains a short biographical notice of each of the early Governors, and an estimate of their labors. There are, beside, several biographies, newspaper clippings, addresses, maps, and letters, with an excellent index.

#### A Poet's Description of His Marriage.

IN the following letter, extracted from Mr. Godwin's *Life and Letters of William Cullen Bryant*, the poet describes his marriage, which occurred June 11th, 1821, at Great Barrington, Mass., in the house of the bride's sister, a Mrs. Henderson.

'DEAR MOTHER: I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me.

Early on the evening of the eleventh day of the present month, I was at a neighboring house in this village. Several people of both sexes were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another. At last came in a little elderly gentleman—pale, thin, with a solemn countenance, pleuritic voice, hooked nose, and hollow eyes. It was not long before we were summoned to attend in the apartment where he and the rest of the company were gathered. We went in and took our seats; the little elderly gentleman with the hooked nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished, most of us sat down. The gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistical expressions which I was too much frightened to remember, but I recollect that at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady of the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side, and I hope in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you as your daughter-in-law, which is a matter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world.

'I have not "played the fool and married an Ethiop for the jewel in her ear." I looked only for goodness of heart, an ingenious and affectionate disposition, a good understanding, etc., and the character of my wife is too frank and single-hearted to suffer me to fear that I may be disappointed. I do myself wrong; I did not look for these nor any other qualities, but they trapped me before I was aware, and now I am married in spite of myself.

'Thus the current of destiny carries us all along. None but a madman would swim against the stream, and none but a fool would exert himself to swim with it. The best way is to float quietly with the tide. So much for philosophy—now to business. . . .

'Your affectionate son,

WILLIAM.'

#### Victor Hugo's Evenings.

[THE following account of Victor Hugo's social life is extracted from an interesting chapter of reminiscences, by Richard Lesclide, the poet's secretary, which will appear in the next number of *The Youth's Companion*.]

In his laborious existence, the evening alone brings to the poet a few hours of liberty. At dusk, after a short stroll in the Bois de Boulogne, which is near his house, Victor Hugo becomes master of himself, and welcomes his friends,—nearly all foreigners of distinction. Above all, men-of-letters make it a point of honor to call on the poet on reaching Paris. They wish to see and hear the man in whom the genius of an entire nation seems centred. His powers of elevated, noble, eloquent conversation, on every subject which interests or excites him, are well known. It is as if he were giving his hearers an unpublished chapter of his works, of which they have the first and exclusive edition. These hours of distraction and relaxation are dear to the poet, who each day receives a special company of invited guests. He has a day set apart for receiving senators, another for journalists, another for men of learning, and another for people of society and the world. Often these various elements mingle and are dissolved in each other; for there is no absolute rule about the matter, and often the poet's assemblies are formed spontaneously. Jeanne and George, his grandchildren, pass among the groups of visitors, and enliven the scene with their light, childish gaiety.

There are few famous travellers who have not been seen in Victor Hugo's drawing-room. Crowned heads themselves are sometimes represented there. The Emperor of Brazil once vis-

ited the poet. A well-meaning diplomatist tried to regulate the etiquette of the call; but he ran against this delicate point, that, though everybody goes to see Victor Hugo, Victor Hugo does not go to see anybody. The diplomatist found his task too much for him. At the end of his fruitless negotiations, Victor Hugo cut them short, by saying: 'Please tell the emperor that we dine here at precisely eight o'clock, and that on any day when he would like to come and see me, another plate will be gladly added to those set for our guests'. The poet had well-nigh forgotten these words when, about a week after, just as the family were about to sit down at table, a stranger with a frank, open face, habited in a long frock-coat, rather timidly presented himself. 'I have some need of being encouraged,' said he to the master of the house, who came forward and offered the visitor his hand. He was at once recognized; and the Republicans who were present hastened to make a place for this royal personage. The conversation turned upon a thousand topics. The poet and the emperor were equally brilliant, and so interesting was the conversation, that the party, instead of breaking up, as usual, at midnight, lingered until two in the morning.

This happened in the third story of a house in the Rue Clichy, which the poet left in 1878, after his long sojourn at Guernsey. On returning to France he took up his residence in a house in the avenue which now bears his name. This is in the Passy quarter, on one of the highest points of ground in Paris. His house is No. 50. Attached to it is a large garden full of flowers and verdure. The windows of his study look out upon this garden, shaded by tall trees which sway in the breeze.

Next year a statue of the poet will be erected on one of the public squares of Paris; and the place where it shall stand is being discussed. Some wish it to be raised not far from his dwelling, near the artesian well at Passy; others think that its proper site is in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which recalls his *début* as novelist and one of his most brilliant successes.

### Courses of Reading on Special Subjects.

#### Political Economy.\*

THE following is a revision, now prepared for THE CRITIC, of a list which I published some years ago. It expresses my personal opinion and advice, just as I would give them in private conversation. The titles in small capitals are those of books which are especially recommended to beginners. Those in italics are those of standard treatises. Those in Roman are those of books which are recommended for fuller examination of the subject.

I advise every one who desires to make any careful study of Political Economy, to read John Stuart Mill's *Principles*, and Cairnes' *Some Leading Principles of Political Economy Newly Expounded*. These books will put the reader in possession of the body of doctrine which has been developed by the great English economists, and will give him the best outfit and training for intelligent and critical study of points which have been brought in question. Students who enjoy mathematics will be interested in Jevons' *Theory of Political Economy*, in which some elementary effort is made to apply mathematical notation and processes to Political Economy.

The above-mentioned books demand some previous intellectual training for their mastery, and many readers will find it expedient, either to satisfy themselves with simpler reading, or to begin with books in which the subject is treated more simply. Fawcett's *MANUAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY* is the best book for this latter purpose, since it contains Mill's doctrine, very closely reproduced in more simple form. Roscher's *Political Economy* (translated) will be found very interesting and valuable for readers of this class. It is classed in the German, or 'Historical' school.

Those who can give but a limited time to the study, and who want to acquire knowledge of American facts and questions at the same time with the elements of the science, will find Perry's *POLITICAL ECONOMY*, or the still more elementary *Introduction*, by the same author, as available as any book. F. A. Walker's *Political Economy* has great merit and convenience in certain respects, but needs to be read critically because it contains personal views on some disputed points (wages and bi-metallism).

Bastiat's *Essays on Political Economy* treat of a number of general topics in a witty and popular way. They are unsurpassed for incisive criticism of fallacies under money, government, social organization and capital.

On the *History of Political Economy*, see Cossa's *GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY* (translated) and Blanqui's *History of*

*Political Economy* (translated). The former is a very concise and admirably constructed outline. A revised edition, by the author, containing a chapter on American Political Economy, is promised. Blanqui's book shows the economic development of modern Europe down to 1840.

On *Population*, see Herbert Spencer's *Biology*, Vol., II., p. 389, and following, and the chapter in Roscher's *Polit. Economy* on that subject.

On *Land Tenure*, see *Systems of Land Tenure* in various countries, a set of essays prepared for the Cobden Club.

On the *Industrial Organization*, see About's *HANDBOOK OF SOCIAL ECONOMY*—a popular exposition of elementary economic notions with especial reference to the fallacies most widely accepted by the wages-class.

Thornton On *Labor* is chiefly valuable for positive information about trades-unions, their organization, laws, purposes, abuses, etc.

Brassey's *Work and Wages* contains much information about the wages-class, and the experience of an employer in dealing with that class; treats also, in a fair manner, the rights of wage-receivers as a class.

Brentano On *Gilds and Trades' Unions* (translated) contains very valuable information about the history of gilds and trades' unions, and the relation of the two in historical development.

Fawcett's *Pauperism, Its Causes and Remedies*, treats of the condition and prospects of those who have not in relation to population and land. It contains also a valuable chapter on co-operation and industrial copartnership.

Walker's *Wages and the Wages Class* is controversial against the 'wages-fund theory'; inclines to sentimental views of the subject of wages and the interest and rights of wage-receivers.

Jevons' *The State in Relation to Labor* seems to have been hastily written before the author had cleared up his own ideas. Hence it deals in a very uneven way with some of the most interesting questions of the day.

#### On Co-operation:

Holyoake's *HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION*, and the same author's *Self-help by the People*. The author has been a worker in behalf of co-operation, and writes as a zealous advocate, but he bitterly criticises certain forms of co-operation. He gives a mass of valuable and interesting information, but his literary method is defective, and his *Political Economy* unsound.

Barnard's *Co-operation as a Business* contains a great deal of information, but is uncritical.

#### On Socialism:

The literature in English is very meagre compared with that in French or in German. During the last few years German literature on the subject has been very rich. Popular essays on the subject are presented in Hitchcock's *SOCIALISM* and Woolsey's *SOCIALISM*. Dr. Woolsey's book describes and discusses the latest phases of socialism, especially as it has developed in Germany. See, also, Villettard's *History of the International* (translated), which gives a brief history of the rise and development of the International Society.

Booth's *Saint Simon and Saint Simonism* is a very fair sketch of the doctrines and aims of this sect of Socialists.

There is nothing better on socialism, communism, and the particular sects than the articles in the great encyclopædias. See article in *Scribner's* for October, 1878.

French literature on this subject was very rich from 1840 to 1860. Alfred Sudre's *Histoire du Communisme* (Paris: 1850) gives within moderate limits a good historical outline and summary of socialistic and communistic systems. Of the mass of German books on the subject published during the last ten years, it may suffice to mention Mehring's *Die Deutsche Social Demokratie*, in which the story of recent socialistic schools, movements and developments in Germany is clearly and succinctly told.

#### On Money and Currency:

Jevons' *MONEY AND THE MECHANISM OF EXCHANGE* is very simple and elementary. It is the best popular book for laying a basis of sound doctrine.

McCulloch On *Metallic and Paper Money and Banks* (article 'Money' from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, often reprinted in various forms but out of print) is the best statement, within its limits, of the science of the subject.

Chevalier's *La Monnaie* (3d vol. of his *Economie Politique* (untranslated) is a very full and valuable treatise on metallic money. Chevalier's *Essay on the Probable Fall in the Value of Gold* (translated by Cobden) contains some of the matter of the other volume.

Walker on *Money* contains a great deal of valuable information about the history and literature of money. In theory it diverges, without good reason, from the authorities just mentioned.

Bonamy Price's *Principles of Currency*, and the same author's *Currency and Banking*, are well worth reading.

W. G. SUMNER.

\* To be concluded next week.



## "The Silver King."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Having lately criticised 'The Silver King,' I have received this dainty epistle from one of its authors:

ROYAL PRINCESS' THEATRE, LONDON,  
February 19, 1883.

To the writer of article in *The Critic*:

You are a liar, and you know it. Every line in the 'Silver King' and every situation is original. You have my authority to publish this.

Yours, etc.,

H. HERMAN.

In witty repartee like this, I cannot contend with Mr. Herman. I wish he had been as terse and pointed in his play. I said that 'The Silver King,' in its motive, characters, and order of scenes, bore a remarkable likeness to the 'Suicidio' of Ferrari; and I always think that I am paying a compliment to these *chiffonniers* of English melodrama, when I show that their rags have seen better days, and have been worn by reputable authors before being flung into the gutter. Nevertheless, as Mr. Herman denies that his tatters have ever appeared in good company, I will draw a brief parallel for his edification:

## 'THE SILVER KING.'

The hero is a dissolute fellow,  
going rapidly to the dogs.

He has a wife and two children.  
He believes that he has committed murder, and leaves the country.

He goes to America.  
He becomes exceedingly rich.  
He writes to his wife and children, but his letters go astray.  
His family falls into great distress.

When he returns, in the third act, it is on the brink of ruin.

He makes himself known to his daughter.

He relieves the distress of the family.

He uses the biblical phrase about the sins of the fathers.

He sets to work to clear his name.

His innocence is finally established.

His recognition by his wife closes the play.

## 'THE SUICIDIO.'

The hero is a dissolute fellow,  
going rapidly to the dogs.

He has a wife and two children.  
He tries to commit suicide, and, being saved, leaves the country.

He goes to America.  
He becomes exceedingly rich.  
He writes to his wife and children, but his letters go astray.  
His family falls into great distress.

When he returns, in the third act, it is on the brink of ruin.

He makes himself known to his daughter.

He relieves the distress of the family.

He uses the biblical phrase about the sins of the fathers.

He sets to work to clear his name.

His civil rights are finally restored.

His recognition by his wife closes the play.

These are the more noticeable points of resemblance, and I could multiply them indefinitely. The chief points of difference lie in the nature of the crime, in the time of the hero's stay in America, and in the method by which his name is cleared. In the 'Suicidio' his wife's recognition is delayed for three acts by the fact that she is out of her senses; in 'The Silver King' it is delayed for the same time just to bring down the curtain at the end of the play. Indeed, it would be an insult to Ferrari to compare the workmanship of the pieces. In its literary qualities the 'Suicidio' ranks among the best of his works. Of the literary qualities of 'The Silver King' Mr. Herman's letter is a favorable specimen.

NEW YORK, March 7. YOUR DRAMATIC REVIEWER.

## The Birth-place of John Howard Payne.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have noticed, in reading a letter published in the *Troy Times* by its New York correspondent, that New York is the birth-place of John Howard Payne. Is this true, or was he born in Boston? STRATFORD, CONN., March 1. CHAS. MONROE BEEBE.

[John Howard Payne was born in New York, June 9th, 1791.]

## The Critic

NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1883.

EDMUNDO DE AMICIS has about finished a new book, 'The Friends,' which will be published here by Messrs. Putnam, at his request. He writes that he has been engaged upon it for two years, and thinks that it will be more popular in America than any other of his books.

Mr. John W. Alexander has made a portrait from life of Salvini as Lear, which will be engraved for *The Century*.

A 'Glossary of Terms and Phrases,' by the Rev. H. Percy South, M. A., of Balliol College, Oxford, will shortly be published by D. Appleton & Co.

From Messrs. Prang & Co. we have received some specimens of their Easter cards, which are exceptionally tasteful this year. They are the work of popular artists, who have aimed at simplicity and appropriateness of design, rather than elaborateness or gaudy color; and they have been successful.

M. Renan's 'Reminiscences of my Childhood and Youth' has been translated from the French by Mrs. C. R. Corson, and will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons during the spring. They have also in press 'Insanity and Its Causus,' by Dr. H. B. Stearns, of the Hartford Retreat.

The success of Miss Ellen M. Mason's translations of Plato—the Apology of Socrates, the Crito, and the Phædo—has prompted Messrs. Scribner to issue a paper-covered edition of the slender volume containing them. A number of literary clubs have ordered copies of this cheaper edition.

Mr. Harry Edwards, the comedian, has written a volume of essays, reminiscences and sketches, under the title 'A Mingled Yarn,' which Messrs. Putnam will publish.

Mrs. H. Kate Richmond-West, whose readings from Shakspeare are well known in many Eastern towns, and lately have been heard with appreciation in some of the larger Western cities, has just issued No. 1 of a series of 'Shakspearean Interpretations.'

Frank R. Stockton is in Rome.

Henry Holt & Co., whose Leisure Hour Series has been so popular, will begin next week the publication of a Leisure Moment Series, which will be inaugurated with Henry W. Lucy's novel, 'Gideon Fleyce.' The sheets will be sewed together in a peculiar manner, so that they will lie open readily. The price of the Leisure Moment Series will range from twenty-five to forty-five cents. Mrs. Alexander's new novel, 'The Admiral's Ward,' will soon appear in the Leisure Hour Series. It is said to contain some of the author's best work.

Another admirable series which deserves encouragement is that of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. It is called the Standard Series, and gives in good type, on good paper, and between tasteful covers, some excellent selections from the English literature of the day. Faxon's Hood's 'Oliver Cromwell'; 'Science in Short Chapters,' by Matthieu Williams; 'American Humorists,' by the Rev. R. H. Haweis; and 'Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers,' by Wm. E. Winks, have appeared in it this year.

The February number of the *Monthly Reference Lists* is rather late in reaching us, but it is worth having waited for. The two topics covered are of permanent interest—the Indian Tribes of the United States and Mr. Gladstone's career.

Messrs. Appleton will publish in March the 'Retrospect of a Long Life, from 1815 to 1883,' by S. C. Hall. Mr. Hall was at one time a Parliamentary reporter. He succeeded Campbell as editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, and for many years was editor of *The Art Journal*.

The 'Selections from the Poetry of Robert Browning,' which Dodd, Mead & Co. will soon publish, has an introduction by Mr. Richard Grant White, in which he says that the selections were not really made by him, but by 'half a dozen lovers and students' of Mr. Browning's poetry. His task was that of criticising the results of their joint labors, which were modified in accordance with his suggestions. To quote Mr. White's own words: 'It presents, I am sure and am presuming enough to say, Browning at his best, and nearly all the best of Browning, exclusive, it need hardly be remarked, of the nominally dramatic works, from which extracts could not be made without deforming and destructive mutilation.'

Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix's six lectures on Women will soon be published by the Appletons.

Mr. Geo. Ticknor Curtis's *Life of James Buchanan* will be published by Harper & Bros. this spring.

The library of the late Joseph J. Cooke, of Providence, R. I., including some rare Americana and bibliographical and miscellaneous books, will be sold by Geo. A. Leavitt & Co. next week at Clinton Hall.

Edgar Fawcett will contribute to the April *St. Nicholas* a fanciful eight-page story entitled 'The Sad Little Prince.'

R. Worthington will publish, in conjunction with Sampson Low & Co., 'The War between Peru and Chili, 1879-1882,' by Clements R. Markham.

Messrs. Scribner & Welford have on their list a curious volume by T. Westwood and T. Satchell, 'Bibliotheca Piscatoria,' a catalogue of books on angling, etc., with bibliographical notes and appendix. They have also a 'History of the Chevalier Bayard,' translated from the French of Loredan Larchey.

The late Sidney Lanier's lectures on the novel, delivered before Johns Hopkins University, have been collected and will be published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Maurice Thompson, the apostle of archery in America, has written 'The Story of Robin Hood' for the young readers of *St. Nicholas*. The first instalment will appear in the May number.

Prof. F. L. Ritter's long-looked-for volume on 'Music in England and America' will be published by Messrs. Scribner in the spring.

H. H., the author of the series of papers on Southern California now appearing in *The Century*, will contribute the second of two short articles relating to the same region to *St. Nicholas* for April. Its title is 'A Brave Chinese Baby.'

Mr. Deans Cowan is about to make a two-years' exploration of the southern part of Madagascar.

John Howard Payne's career will furnish the text of a biographical sketch by Mr. Brander Matthews in the April number of *The International Review*.

Ouida's new novel, in press with the Lippincotts, which was to have been called 'Sabran,' has been rechristened 'Wanda,' the author having yielded to the representations of her publishers that the unintelligibility of the former title would militate against its sale.

The veteran Dr. Charles Mackay is writing poems for *The Youth's Companion*, one of which will appear in the issue of March 15th. In the same number James Parton will write of the founding of the New York *Herald*, and Phil. Robinson will tell a remarkable story of adventure. There will be, furthermore, a bit of fiction by J. T. Trowbridge, and the first of three papers, called 'Westward with an Emigrant Train,' by the editor, Mr. W. H. Rideing, who describes a trip made last summer in company with the artist (Mr. S. G. McCutcheon) who illustrates the sketch. But the most interesting contribution, in the eyes of many readers, will be the instalment of Richard Lesclide's reminiscences of Hugo, M. Lesclide being the private secretary of the poet. A portion of this is quoted on another page.

A monthly magazine called *The National Review* has just been started in England. It is intended to be an organ of the Conservative party, and a circular signed by Lords Carnarvon, Stanhope, Lytton, and Cranbrook, Edward Stanhope, M.P., Arthur J. Balfour, M.P., Henry Cecil Raikes, M.P., Alfred Austin and William John Courthope, announces that 'it will be similar in volume and price to *The Nineteenth Century*, *The Contemporary* and *The Fortnightly Review*; but differing from those publications in the consistent character of the sentiments it expresses, and the homogeneous nature of the opinions it defends. It is proposed to open its pages, which will be deliberative rather than dogmatic, to every legitimate phase and shade of Constitutional opinion; and it will also embrace papers on Art, Letters, History, Religion, Philosophy, the Drama, Manners, Agriculture—everything in fine that interests our varied and active society,' but written, it is to be presumed, by men whose ink is entirely free from the poison of Liberalism. Mr. Alfred Austin is the editor of the new periodical, and the proprietorship is vested in trustees who have no sordid aims but only the good of their country at heart. J. B. Lippincott & Co. are to be the American publishers. The first number (for March) is now almost ready for distribution. It con-

tains an article by the editor, under the title 'Above All, no Programme,' which explains the object and purpose of the magazine; a discussion by William H. Mallock of 'Radicalism and the People;' and papers by the Earl of Carnarvon, Canon Gregory, W. J. Courthope, Arthur James Balfour, H. A. Perry, David Hannay, Viscount Middleton, and three anonymous writers.

THE committee appointed by the Trustees of Columbia College, to decide upon the advisability of admitting women to lectures and examinations, have reported unfavorably on the petition submitted last month by the Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women in New York; and the Trustees have adopted their report, President Barnard alone voting against the resolution that 'it is inexpedient to educate the sexes together in Columbia College.' If Columbia hopes to receive more generous support from its Alumni and friends in this city, its councils should be inspired by a more liberal spirit.

MR. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, who died on Wednesday at Mentone, was one of the most thorough, able, and conscientious of English historians. His 'Short History of the English People' sprang into instant success, the author being previously known to a very limited circle as an Oxford tutor, a disciple of Mr. Freeman, and a constant contributor to *The Saturday Review*. In 'The Making of England,' published in 1882, he had been anticipated by the elaborate works of Mr. Freeman; in his 'Stray Studies from England and Italy,' he came into rivalry with the more delicate work of Mr. Symonds and Mr. Pater; but in his lucid and graceful narrative of the growth of the English democracy he opened new ground, and on it his fame as an annalist of a secondary order will be built. His educational powers were great.

THE Hartford *Courant* throws itself into the breach in defence of Colonel di Cesnola and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. According to the writer's own admission, the Museum has the free use of a handsome public building, standing on public land, and 'the city contributes about \$15,000 a year toward its running expenses.' This would seem to indicate that the people have a right to see that its affairs are not mismanaged. But this privilege is denied them, on the ground that the Metropolitan is 'a strictly private museum.' In what sense is this statement true? Is it the free use of public property, or the annual grant from the city purse, that establishes its privacy? It is suggested that the critics of the Museum should purchase the right to criticise it by contributing to its support, that their strictures, under existing circumstances, show the possession of 'as little civic pride as discernment.' 'Neither the private character of the institution,' we are told, 'nor the sacrifice made by its founders for the good of New York, has been able to shield it from the slanderous attacks of the envious and low minded.' The chief 'sacrifice' made by its founders, we regret to say, is that of the respect of their fellow-citizens, which has been lost in the attempt to back up a Director whose unfitness for the position in which he has been placed has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all right-minded persons. They cannot regain the confidence of the public by shutting their eyes to the plain facts of the case, and smirching the character of those who have called them to account.

#### Bishop Landa's "Dictionary."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Bishop Landa's 'Dictionary,' referred to in the article on 'Native American Languages' in the last number of THE CRITIC was not a dictionary, but a list of alphabetical equivalents to some 28 or 30 of the calculiform Maya characters found in inscriptions, temples and Maya manuscripts. The value of these explanations is very much doubted now, for most of the archæologists believe that the Maya people never had anything like alphabetic, or even syllabic, writing at all.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6, 1883.

A. S. G.



## Science

## "Ancient Scottish Lake-Dwellings."\*

SOME two score of years ago, Dr. Keller published the early results of an assiduous and fruitful search along the shores of Zurich, and later the lakes of Switzerland, which had enabled him to learn much of the manners and customs of the ancient inhabitants of the present cantons, and even to reconstruct certain of their dwellings. These were built on piles in favorable situations by the margin of the lake, and the refuse thrown away or lost by the tenants, beneath or near their former dwellings, afforded abundant means for ascertaining the food they used, their manner of obtaining and preparing it, and other details of their household economy. The discoveries of the Swiss investigator at once stimulated research in his own as well as in other lands, and the work by Dr. Munro on the 'Ancient Scottish Lake-Dwellings' may be regarded as an outcome of the researches so long ago inaugurated by the Swiss anthropologist. Dr. Munro, however, has no discoveries to record which at all compare with those of the leader in this field. His investigations or studies, nevertheless, were extended over the greater part of Scotland, and have been well presented in the work now published. After an introductory chapter on lake-dwellings in general, he successively considers the 'notices, historical and descriptive, of Scottish lake-dwellings previous to the year 1878,' and the 'report of the discovery and examination of a crannog at Lochlee, Tarbolton, Ayrshire.' He records 'subsequent researches and discoveries at Friar's Corse, Lochspouts, Barhapple, and Buston;' formulates 'general observations on the classification, geographical distribution, structure, and age of ancient Scottish lake-dwellings;' and in a final chapter briefly notices 'remains of lake-dwellings in England.'

The ancient inhabitants of Scotland were prone to avail themselves of any natural advantages of their lakes and construct or complete islets connected by causeways with the mainland. These were formed in part or strengthened by piles of wood—oak, pine, etc.—and surrounded by rows of palisading, serving as a fortification; and within the cinctures log-houses were the abodes of the islanders. Similar constructions in Ireland are known as crannogs, and this has been accepted as a generic term for the class. The crannogs of Scotland are, as a rule, noteworthy for the large proportion of stones that enter into their construction, and they thus contrast with those of Ireland, which they otherwise much resemble. No remains of pile-dwellings, so characteristic of ancient Switzerland, have been found in the United Kingdom. A typical crannog is one at Lochlee in Ayrshire belonging to a farm whereon lived the poet Burns for four years; and this has been especially studied and is described at length by Dr. Munro. It was formerly an islet in a small lake, covered, except when the water was low, and unsuspected to have been an early habitation of man. The lake was eventually drained, and the character of the islet became manifest on due study. The stockade was in the form of an irregular circle some seventy-five feet in diameter, and remains of a causeway connecting with the neighboring land, are still evident. The 'finds' included numerous stone implements, such as a polished stone celt, hammer-stones, sharpening stones, querns and spindle-whorls, as well as bone implements and a few iron and bronze manufactures. Remains of a canoe and double-

bladed paddle furnished evidence of the extent to which they used the water. Bones referred to the stag, roe, and reindeer were found associated with those of the horse, ox, sheep and hog. The coincidence of all these, if correctly identified, is perplexing and could not have occurred at a very remote period. The reindeer could not have been co-existent in Scotland with the horse and other domesticated quadrupeds. It cannot but be suspected that there must have been some fallacy or error in determination of the bones, and such suspicion must be increased on reading the descriptions of other exhumations. Indeed, no remote antiquity need be assumed for the remains in question, for it appears to be demonstrable that the lake-dwellings or crannogs continued to be constructed in Scotland till within four or five centuries, or perhaps still later. But whatever view may be adopted, Dr. Munro has given a valuable contribution to the archaeology of his native land. His volume is printed in excellent style, and the numerous illustrations (264) will enable the reader to obtain a vivid idea of what the ancient Scots used, and how they lived.

## Scientific Notes.

THE American Expedition has started for Caroline Island to observe the total eclipse of May 6th. It will sail from Callao. M. Janssen, the leader of the French Expedition, is on his way to Panama. He will sail from Colon by the *Eclairer*.

Prof. Peter Merian, who for half-a-century had held the Chair of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Basle, is reported dead at the age of eighty-seven. Prof. Merian's first important work, on the Jura of the Canton of Basle, was published sixty-two years ago.

## The Fine Arts

## The Runkle Collection.

THE art sale of the season was that of the collection of pictures exhibited at Leavitt's during the past week. Most of the paintings were small, but there were few that were not remarkably good, and some three or four would hold an important place in any gallery in the country. The generation of French artists just passed away were very well represented. Spite of the delay of that final canonization which the directors of the Louvre are supposed to confer, it would be evident from the works shown, if no other evidence were forthcoming, that some of these men were as great artists as France has produced, and great enough to be secure of immortality. Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Troyon, Fromentin, Diaz have not left their equals on earth. A new school is arising, which may in time include names as famous; but it is a different school. The phase of art to which these belong is at an end. There is no more likelihood of its being renewed than there is of our witnessing the rise of a new George Sand, or Balzac, or Alfred de Musset.—The picture which was found most striking by the greater number of visitors was, perhaps, the *Nymph at the Fountain*, by Henner, which has been popularized by etchings and photographs. But there were finer works in the collection. One of these was a small painting of two peasant girls, one standing and one seated, by Jacque, a model of composition and of rich and quiet color. Another was the little landscape by the indefatigable Rousseau who, with more art than all the pre-Raphaelites together, had also a more minute and intimate knowledge of nature than any one of them. Troyon, who is best known as a cattle painter, was shown to be an exceptionally powerful landscapist. A twilight scene, with a gray road, broken by dark patches of grass, and tall, dark-green trees against a pale golden sky, treated with the love of verity that characterizes

\* Ancient Scottish Lake-Dwellings or Crannogs. With a Supplementary Chapter on Lake-Dwellings in England. By Robert Munro. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

the rising French landscape school, was much better than any painter of this school has done as yet. Of the two small pictures by Millet, one—the moonrise, with a peasant woman carrying a pitcher of water on her head—had already been before the public more than once. Many, however, must have hailed with pleasure this opportunity of seeing it again. Diaz was represented by one good figure subject, demi-nude, and by an excellent study of a tree-trunk with the surrounding rocks and foliage. A forest interior was not so good, and some flowers attributed to him seemed to us to be doubtful. Of a number of works credited to Jules Dupré, several were of indifferent merit. The single example of Fromentin was, likewise, not of the best. But this should not be taken as saying that they are not good pictures. One, at least, of the Corots was very good; and of Daubigny, Van Marcke, Mettling, there were fine examples.

THE January *Portfolio* (Bouton) is unusually rich in illustration. The frontispiece, 'A Souvenir of Velasquez,' is an engraving, by Lumb Stocks, from a portrait, by J. E. Millais, of a typical little English girl. This, the editor announces, is the third steel-engraving which has appeared in *The Portfolio* in pursuance of his desire that the paper should not be devoted exclusively to etching. Reproductions of line-engravings by old masters have occasionally been given, but no example of a living man. Mr. Hamerton's paper on Paris, with full-page etching, and wood-cuts scattered through the text, is, of course, not only entertaining but instructive. And there are two characteristic studies of heads by E. J. Poynter, R.A.; and a reproduction of the monument of Philippe Pot, Lord of La Roche-Nolay, from the Museum of the Comte de Vésuvotte, at Dijon.

'Rossetti as a Painter' is the subject of a paper by Sidney Colvin, which will appear in the April number of *The Magazine of Art*. The frontispiece of the magazine is engraved from Rossetti's 'Il Ramoscello.'

### The Drama

Two melodramas have been performed in New York during the week. One of them—'Siberia,' by Mr. Bartley Campbell—has been given at Haverly's Theatre; the other—'The Long Strike,' by Mr. Dion Boucicault—has been done to popular audiences at the Windsor.

'Siberia,' being the work of a native author, has met with the fate of all such productions—scorn from the critics, enthusiasm from the public. Seeing it a little late in its career, having been duly warned off by the daily press, we found the spectators crowding the house, weeping with the distressed, laughing with the humorous, and, as the play was unfolded, we mused upon the anomaly that so many sprigs of commendation should have been planted over 'The World,' and so much appreciation bestowed on 'The Silver King,' and that nobody could be found to say a good word for this rough, coarse, vivid attempt to portray the life of a country so full of dramatic contrasts as Russia. Its construction is clumsy enough, but what is the construction of 'The World?' Its literary quality is meagre; but what is the literary quality of 'The Silver King?' People who like this kind of work can get quite as much satisfaction from the effusions of Mr. Bartley Campbell as can be drawn from the English Realms of Nonsense where Mr. Paul Merritt wields the sceptre of MacFlecknoe.

Credit is due to the ability which instantly sees the dramatic side of contemporary events. In Little Russia and on the Polish frontier the past twelve months have disclosed a feud of races like those for which the playwrights of old had to delve in history; a feud of deeper roots than the quarrel of Montagues and Capulets, than

the wars of religion which gave birth to such plays as 'The Huguenots,' than the struggles of rulers and ruled which have produced such dramas as 'La Haine.' There are endless possibilities for the stage in the anti-Semitic outbreaks of Russia; domestic tragedies which exceed narration; deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice which compel admiration. If Mr. Bartley Campbell had the tragic stuff in him he would here find a theme that has rarely been offered to the contemporary drama. Being, however, Mr. Bartley Campbell, he is content to draw from it a few melodramatic incidents of the old kind—the rape of a Jewish maiden, the murder of her father at the hands of a Russian mob. His eye for the picturesque is keen; his grasp of a dramatic situation is strong. His fault is an overweening tendency to commonplace, which is as noticeable in depicting the steppes of Little Russia as in depicting the mining-camps of California.

In the second part of his drama there is an equally good groundwork for a play. The tragedy of Nihilism has yet to be written. The world only guesses at the sorrows which underlay the assassination of the Czar. The cruelty of boyars, the tyranny of officials, the maladies of caste which are eating out the heart of Russia, might furnish matter for strenuous dramatic treatment. There are few plays in England more effective than 'The Serf'; few more effective in France than 'The Danischeffs'; and both treat of a system which has passed away. Mr. Campbell, nevertheless, makes nothing of his chances. Remembering 'The Two Orphans' he decides that the ravished Jewish maiden shall be followed to St. Petersburg by her sister. Varying that immortal work, he causes one of the sisters to go out of her mind and refuse to recognize the other. In a brawl which ensues he suffers the second sister to kill the seducer of the first. Then he carts them off to the Siberian mines, from which they escape with a few score of their friends. The guards are overpowered but the wastes have yet to be crossed. Despair is falling on the party when up drives a dapper little sleigh. Will it hold them all? They are willing to try; and feeling that salvation has come, they fall on their knees and give thanks to heaven, the comic man praying humorously in the corner.

The last act is redeemed from insipidity by the acting of Mr. Max Freeman. He will be remembered as the waiter in 'Divorçons.' He is now the proprietor of a French restaurant at Odessa, where he keeps alive the flame of patriotism by singing the 'Marseillaise' on the slightest provocation. Though in the wilds of Russia he lingers as lovingly over the bill-of-fare as though he were still in service at Véfour's or the Maison Dorée. He expatiates fondly to strangers on the culinary delights which he can afford them, describes each dish like an art-critic describing a picture, and can only calm his indignation at receiving a small order by singing very loudly a stave of the 'Marseillaise.' A very amusing fellow is Mr. Freeman's Frenchman, and peculiarly statuesque is Miss Georgia Cayvan, in the scene where she murders her sister's seducer. Her eyes shine with a tigress' gleam; her body sways to and fro with passion; she is transfigured with the desire for vengeance until the police seize her, when the light dies out of her eyes and the dagger drops from her hand. Miss Cayvan is a histrionic puzzle. She has moments of wild force; she has others of dreary tameness. If she aspires to high rank on the stage, it is time for her to put her whole strength into the task.

VERY different from 'Siberia' is 'The Long Strike.' If one falls far below its opportunities, the other is infi-



nitely better than the book on which it is founded. Mr. Boucicault's play is not only one of the best constructed pieces in his repertory; it is one of the best constructed pieces in the English language. Its popularity was never excessive, and the hand of time now lies heavily upon it. It has few of the pithy or pathetic passages which mark the finest work of its author. 'This bit of paper,' says Noah Learoyd, the leader of the strike, 'is not so big as the Magna Charta, but, small as it is, a million of men do take their stand upon it.' 'He never spoke,' says Johnny Reilly of his partner, Jem Starkee, 'but I saw that his eyes were dim, his lips turned white, and death was all over his face.' Throughout, the playwright has thought more of his story than of its verbal adornments, and even in Moneypenny's humorous scene the dialogue sails very closely to the plot.

Moneypenny, it seems likely, was an afterthought. Nearly three quarters of the play have run their course before he comes on the stage. Hitherto its single defect has been its gloom. The masters have refused the artisans' terms; the strike has been set on foot; the mills have been burned down; Noah Learoyd has discovered Richard Readley's attentions to his daughter, Jane; he has shot Readley down in the lane and has gone mad; Jem Starkee, Jane's sweetheart, has been arrested and accused of the crime. All is shade. There have been no comic interludes. Even Johnny Reilly's blarney is tinged with sadness. So intent is the author on making his story clear, on closely knotting the intrigue, that, like a true artist, he has avoided all temptations to distract the attention of the spectators. But when the crime has been committed and the arrest made, he has merely to place the guilt on the right shoulders in a fashion as ingenious as he can contrive. The comedy of the play may now begin, and Mr. Moneypenny, the lawyer, immediately steps on the boards.

As a character, the man with the gruff voice and the tender heart is as old as the hills. Coming down from antiquity he was caught up by Goldoni in 'Il Burbero Benefico,' and in this avatar has been used at least once by almost every known playwright. Mr. Boucicault does not linger, therefore, over Moneypenny's idiosyncracies. He sets him at once to work, helping to develop the plot, vowing that he will never see Jane and then admitting her, insisting that he cares nothing for her story and making her repeat every word of it, demanding her money and crying to find that she has pawned her clothes to save Jem, protesting that he means to spend a comfortable night at home and then going out into the night to telegraph for the absent Johnny. Nor does Mr. J. H. Stoddart, though he has achieved fame in this part, strive to elaborate its details. His appearance tells his story. The limp hand, flapping feebly, like a fish's fin; the dry, thin voice, with an unaccountable tremor in it; the shy, wandering eyes; the quick, uncontrollable gestures—these are the tokens of the good, weak-willed man, whom nature intended for a philanthropist and whom fate made a solicitor.

And though Mr. Stoddart's performance is above all praise, it is mainly due to the author that the play still lives. To all who have studied the carpentering of a drama, 'The Long Strike' is a masterwork. It is divided into twelve scenes, each of which springs as directly from that which preceded it as a bolt is shot from a catapult. From first to last there is not a word of explanation, for the action explains itself. The evidence against Jem—the pistol, the wadding, the threat which he made—are so deftly handled that the case for the Crown is quite convincing; and the scene in the

telegraph office, when the instrument taps out the message of hope, is all the more effective for the propriety with which it is introduced. Played very carefully by one of Mr. Palmer's secondary companies, the drama appeals to a new generation of playgoers; and though it has grown somewhat musty with time, it still remains a monument of the days when men of education were writing for the English stage.

### Music

#### Gounod's "Redemption," in Brooklyn.

THE performance of Gounod's 'Redemption' by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society at their sixth concert last Saturday was noteworthy, if for no other reason than that it was the first public performance at which the altered pitch was used. The effect was very appreciable, and there can be no doubt that the change is one to be commended. There was no loss of brilliancy observable, and a very distinct gain in fulness of sound. The orchestra was reinforced in order to balance, as far as possible, the want of an organ. No doubt Mr. Thomas did all that lay in his power to overcome the difficulty, but the loss of the volume of sound to be produced only by the organ was deplorable; and the orchestral portions of the work suffered much in comparison with the performance at Steinway Hall during the winter. The choral work was satisfactory, and inclined one to the belief that in this respect, at least, Saturday's performance was ahead of any of a similar character yet given in New York. This does not imply, however, that the chorus in any way approached to perfection. There is not in New York a choral body which can interpret oratorical work in a way that approaches the best work of this class to be heard abroad. Mechanical precision seems to be the point chiefly aimed at by our conductors in general, and Mr. Thomas in especial; and even in this regard the majority of our choral societies are sadly deficient. Color and expression are at all times wanting; and these defects are especially injurious to Gounod's religious music, which contains more passion, and calls for more expression, than the compositions of the earlier masters.

The Calvary March was, perhaps, the most striking of the orchestral movements; and it was rendered with the dramatic force and brilliancy for which the score gives abundant chance. The 'Journey Theme,' on the visit of the women to the Tomb, was well delivered throughout. The best choral work was shown in the magnificent chorus, 'Unfold, ye Portals!' which, with its broad effects, it would be difficult for any fairly well-trained chorus to altogether mar. The time as marked by the conductor's wand seemed in many instances rather at variance with the composer's intentions, and the extraordinary slowness of the chorus, 'Lovely appear over the mountains,' was almost painfully marked. Mrs. Osgood and Miss Winant, among the soloists, have been heard in their parts before and were very acceptable, but Mr. Toedt was altogether overweighted in the tenor portion. Mr. Remmert sang the trying music of the Narrator in a bold but rather ragged fashion; and Mr. Heinrich as Jesus was solemnly emotional.

#### The Oratorio Rehearsal.

THE many empty seats in the ranks of the chorus at the oratorio rehearsal, last Tuesday afternoon, told unfavorably upon the choral portions of the work performed. 'Elijah' is even more dramatic than Mendelssohn's other great religious work, 'St. Paul,' and is a greater tax on the powers of all who take part in its

performance. It would be impossible to say that those concerned on Tuesday were in any way equal to their task. With the exception of Madame Boema and Miss Winant, the soloists were remarkably weak, Max Heinrich as Elijah being particularly so. Mr. Jordan's voice, sweet and sympathetic as it is, did not suffice. Miss Winant's 'Oh, rest in the Lord' was sung with as little expression as an artist of Miss Winant's experience could put into it. The chorus were shaky and ragged all through, but the absence of so many members may serve to some extent as an excuse. These public rehearsals almost amount to regular performances, and as such deserve to be judged. It seems, then, to be in no way unfair to say that Tuesday's performance added but little credit to either principals, chorus, orchestra, or conductor.

#### The Wagner Memorial Concert.

THE Wagner memorial concert given at the Academy of Music on Monday evening was not what the admirers of Wagner in this city had hoped it would be. The audience was small and unenthusiastic. The programme was made up exclusively of selections from Wagner's music, and a bust of the dead composer stood by the conductor's platform. There is always something interesting in the performances of Dr. Damrosch's orchestra, and that of Monday evening was no exception to the rule; but we were not at all satisfied with his interpretation of Wagner. There was a want of union among the performers that must have struck even an amateur, and in the finale of the 'Lohengrin' prelude there was an unpardonable rasping of the strings. Whether the natural melancholy of the occasion, or Dr. Damrosch's peculiar idea of Wagnerian tempo, was to blame, we do not know; but certainly there was a slowness that amounted almost to dragging in the performance of the 'Tannhaeuser' overture. But it would take something more than a wrong tempo to destroy the beauty of this magnificent composition. The soloists were Mme. Scalchi, Mlle. Rossini, Mlle. Martinez and Sig. Mierzewski. Fine artist that she is, Mme. Scalchi was disappointing in the prayer from 'Tannhaeuser.' Even with the key lowered, it did not suit her voice; but there was so much of merit in her performance that we are loath to criticise it. At its worst it was far ahead of that of either of the other two ladies. The changing of the key for Mme. Scalchi had a very bad effect upon the reeds, making them sound almost absurd. Wagner's music was not written to be sung by prime-donne of the calibre of Milles, Rossini and Martinez. They simply sang at the orchestra. Sig. Mierzewski's vigorous style and powerful voice were no better adapted to this music than the flaccid method and slight vocal organs of the ladies. Taken as a whole, the performance was a depressing one, and not wholly because of its memorial character.

#### The Reception of Wagner's Remains in Munich.

[The following description of the reception of Wagner's remains in Munich is taken from the letter of a young American music-student to his family in this city. It bears date, Sunday, Feb. 18.]

It was a curious coincidence that the 'Charfreitag's Zauber' was given on the same day that Wagner died. (Some people thought the concert should have been postponed.) The applause was, of course, tremendous, and the selection was encored. It seemed like an elegy—most of it being soft and pleading. Say what one will about his defects and misconceptions, the death of Wagner is a great blow to the musical world. . . . I went to the 'Central Bahnhof' to see the arrival of the train containing the remains and the family. A large band played Beethoven's 'Funeral March.' I saw Frau Wagner and other members of the mourning family as they passed out of the depot, and then by dint of struggling through the crowd passed to where three Munich 'Sänger-Bünde,' with draped banners and immense lighted wax-candles, stood awaiting the arrival of the freight-car containing the remains, which at last came in on a separate track from the rest of the train. It was merely a drab-colored Italian freight-car. On one side was pasted a white card, which bore simply the words 'Nach Bayreuth: Leiche.'

The car was immediately surrounded by the Sänger-Bünde,

who decorated it with laurel leaves. An immense laurel or evergreen wreath (at least eight feet in diameter) was placed against one end of the car. It bore the legend, on two long silk streamers, 'München's Künstler, dem Meister Richard Wagner.' After a rest of over an hour the car was attached to the special train (Bayreuth 'schnell-zug' or express-train). As it moved out of the depot the band played the Trauer March from the 'Götterdämmerung.' By order of the king, the 'Hof Theatre' is closed to-day. On Tuesday Tristan and Isolde will be given in commemoration.

#### The Book Exchange.

[UNDER this heading, any reader of THE CRITIC who wishes to exchange one book for another may advertise his wants. No statement will be published unless accompanied, as a guaranty of good faith, by the name and address of the person sending it. But each statement will be numbered, and in cases where the name of the advertiser is not printed, answers addressed to the proper number will be forwarded by THE CRITIC. In such cases a postage-stamp should be sent, to cover the cost of forwarding the answer from this office.—Payment will not be required for a single insertion, but when an advertisement is repeated, each additional insertion will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.]

1.—'The Complete Works of Charles Lamb.' N. Y. 1863. 4 vols., half-calf. Also 'Eliana,' N. Y. 1880. 1 vol., cloth, gilt top. In good condition. Sell or exchange. Address Arthur Penn.

2.—Full set of the writings of the late Octave Delepiere, now very scarce. (1) 'Macaronéana' (1852); (2) 'Macaronéana Andra' (1862); (3) 'Histoire Littéraire des Fous' (1860), 3 vols., half-roan, gilt tops; (4) 'Supercherie Littéraires' (1872); (5) 'Centoniana' (1868); (6) 'La Parodie' (1872), 3 vols., half-calf, roxburgh, gilt top, uncut edges. In all six vols., almost uniform, and in usually clean condition. Sell or exchange. Address J. B. M.

3.—Complete files, for 1882, of the *American Architect*, *American Machinist*, *Engineering News and Contract Journal*, *Engineering and Mining Journal*, *Manufacturer and Builder*, *Sanitary Engineer*, *Scientific American*, *Scientific American Supplement*, *Manufacturer's Gazette*, *Iron Age*, *Mining Record*, *Age of Steel*, *Nautical Gazette*, *Railway Review*, *Railway Gazette*, *American Engineer*, *American Manufacturer* and *Iron World*, *American Journal of Science*, *Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine*, *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *London Engineering*. For sale.

4.—'Character Sketches,' by Abel Stevens, \$1.50, New York: 1882. For any cloth-covered edition of W. S. Gilbert's 'Bab Ballads' in good condition.

5.—Nos. 63, 64, 65, 66, 71, 73 of *The North American Review*; and Mrs. Browning's Poems, 2 vols., cloth, 1854 (in good condition). Will exchange Poems for two bound vols. of Robert Browning's Poems, or bound vols. of George Eliot. Address P. O. Box 167, Warner, N. H.

6.—'Histoire des Romans depuis les Temps les plus Reculés jusqu'à Diodétien.' Par Victor Duruy, Membre de l'Institut, etc. 6 vols., 8vo., Paris, Hachette, 1877-1880. 1/4 red levant, gilt top, rough edges. New. Price \$24. Reason for selling: desire to purchase the more expensive illustrated edition.

7.—(1) History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, by S. P. Bates. 5 vols. Harrisburgh, Pa., Singlerly, State Printer, 1869. Good condition. (2) Fielding's Works, complete. 14 vols., half-calf. London, 1808. Excellent condition. Sell or exchange.

8.—Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual, half morocco, 4 vols., \$13.50; Webster's Private Correspondence, 2 vols., \$6; Dickinson's Life, Letters and Speeches, 2 vols., \$9; Life of Sir Jas. Mackintosh, 2 vols., \$4.50; Memoirs of Sir Francis Horner, 2 vols., \$5; Boeckh's Public Economy of the Athenians, \$4; American Eloquence, 2 vols., \$7; McKnight's Life of Burke, 3 vols., \$12; Disraeli's Works, 9 vols., \$15. All scarce books, in good condition. Will sell at two-thirds of above prices, delivered free. Address T. L., 321 Upper Third Street, Evansville, Ind.

9.—'The Anatomy of Melancholy.' Second Edition, 1624, calf. Will exchange for 'The Purgatory of Suicides' (T. Cooper), or 'Land of the Midnight Sun,' with possibly small bonus; or will sell for \$8. (1st edition brings \$100).

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11.—C. C. Richmond, of South Bend, Indiana (Lock Box 2013) would like to hear from anyone who has a copy of Bailey's 'Festus' to exchange or sell.

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